THE LILY.

A LADIES' JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE AND LITERATURE.

Published Monthly.---TERMS---Fifty Cents a Year, in Advance.

VOL. 2. SENECA FALLS, MAY, 1850. NO. 5.

THE MECHANIC'S WIFE.

BY MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

"SHALL you be very late to night?" This question was asked in a soft, low voice, by a very pale, but very sweet young creature, as she parted from her husband in the street.

"I do not know that I shall," he replied somewhat coldly, as, replacing his cigar between his lips, he turned away. There was carelessness rather than unkindness in his manner, and she looked after him more in sorrow than reproach. Taking the hand of her little boy, she slowly bent her steps homeward, with that drooping of the head which bespeaks sadness of heart. It was a Saturday night; she had been marketing, and her little purchases were contained in a basket which hung on her arm. On reaching her home, the very uppermost floor of a house in a poor but decent neighborhood, she roused the fire, seated Philip, her little son, beside it, gave him a piece of bread and butter for his supper, and began to busy herself in putting away the few necessaries she had bought. By the time this was done, the drooping head of little Philip told her he was ready for his pillow. How tenderly he was taken to his lonely mother's lap, his pretty face washed, his bright hair brushed, and he arrayed in his snowy bed gown. Pressed to her bosom, she warmed his little feet, her fond hand returning to them again and again from the fire, to which she every now and then held her open palm; then pressing the soft foot, she kissed it playfully, and provoked the laughter so sweet to a mother's ear. These were Philip's first charming lessons; thus were gentleness and love awakened in his infant spirit, by his capable, but uninstructed, unassisted mother. How full of meaning was his smile—how full of animation! and when, kneeling in her lap, she joined his little hands, and bade him ask his Heavenly Father to bless his earthly parent, how sympathetically he caught the sweetly serious look—the calm and holy tone of his instructress.

When his little prayer was said, he flung his arms about her neck, and cheek to cheek they murmured together the lulling song which concluded this little drama; for his eyes slowly closed, and the smile softly passed from his face, and then he was gently consigned to his snug and snowy bed.

So far all was sweet; would it might be said all was calm; but the aching void in Susan's heart was not calmness; it was rather a craving for that mental and social aliment which is a necessity for every breast, and cannot long be healthfully denied to any. The more energetic spirits seek such associations or stimulants as chance presents them; the gentler submit and suffer, often perish, in silence.

Susan put a little fuel softly on the fire, trimmed her candle, and sat down with the zealous lonely woman's usual companion—her work basket. A deep sigh stole from her bosom.—Still the ceasless needle was plied. Now and then she paused; it was to wipe away the tears that gathered on her lashes. She was just two and twenty, and had been four years married; during all which time, with the brief exception of a few weeks previous to their settlement in town, she had thus been left night after night in loneliness. Philip Morris, her husband, was an honest, industrious man, with a hundred good qualities; sober, and solicitous of securing to his family all the comforts his means afforded, he brought his earnings, with a very small reservation for some trifling indulgences for himself, to his wife, and, with the utmost trust in her management and economy, left them at her disposal. But while thus trusting and liberal, he seemed to consider that he had acquitted himself of all that Susan might demand of him. While he sought improvement for himself, it never occurred to him it was her equal right—would be to her an equal advantage; while he sought the interchange of thought with other minds, he never reflected on the utter privation of such communion he had entailed on her. He had taken her from the home of her father, a small farmer, where her mother, a pains taking woman, had brought up Susan and several brothers and sisters, for their station remarkably well.

Her father's heart was one ever flowing with the milk of human kindness; and thus, aided by the cheerful spirits of their cherished children, a moral sunshine had ever lighted up that lowly home, and given it a thousand claims upon her love and memory. At moments Susan would look back to the brief time that had been employed to woo her from it, as a dream; the whispered words of love—the promises of devotion—of endeavors for her happiness—the mighty city in which she was to dwell (which now appeared a maze of mud and stone, ill exchanged for the dasied fields, with their sweet breath and bright atmosphere)—had all tended to an undefinable disappointment; yet, in the innocent ignorance of her heart, she could scarcely have stated of what she had to complain. She loved her husband; she was proud of his superior abilities, and made no mean estimate of his high moral character, undebased in the slightest degree by the gross vices which, secluded as was her life, she could not but perceive marked many around her, subjecting their wives to brutality and privation.—Compared with such offences, she persuaded herself that Philip's neglect was a very light and venial fault, and blamed herself for feeling it so much. But Susan was one of those flowers of humanity that would have amply repaid cultivation, and that needed the sunshine of sympathetic kindness—the air of the social atmosphere, to keep them in health and life. Daily food was scarcely more necessary to her physical nature than the interchange of thought and kindliness was to her spiritual nature; and all this her husband's habits, and the unsociable plans of life in England, especially in London, denied her. It is true, except morally, she was uncultivated, but she had talent and temperament that would soon have repaid a little kindly care. Too timid, too ignorant to plead her own cause, or urge her claim to him who had precluded appeal to others, she uncomplainingly lived on without change, without stimulus or excitement, shut up within the four walls of her humble home, walking unrelieved, the dull, unvarying round of her domestic duties, with her spirit full of capabilities unexplored and unexpanded. She grew nervous and hectic; her appetite and spirits failed; her frame wasted; while, quiet and unrepining, almost herself unconscious of her malady or its cause, consumption was rapidly developed. She was deemed delicate; medical advice was sought, and medicine and care essayed, while none guessed the deep current of feeling that flowed beneath the quiet bearing of that subdued, decaying woman; it wore the channel through which it made its secret way, but seemed to brighten the spirit it was soon to extinguish.

Susan, after a time, felt that she was passing through the Valley of the Shadow of death. This conviction did not depress her energies—it awakened them. She had communed with her own meek heart, lifted it to her mighty Maker, and remembered with consolation that it is said, "Those also serve who only stand and wait."—She struggled on from day to day in the performance of her duties, amid many privations, the worst of all privation, that of all mental development and social cheer; yet had she a conscious account in her own heart, and her sincere and unassisted endeavor had no doubt a register 'mid the higher achievements of more favored minds. With the certainty that she was not long for this scene, she redoubled her exertions to put her little household in order. She repaired and made clothes for her child, and as she laid them away, embalmed them with her tears. In the same manner her needle toiled for her husband, and the savings which her frugality effected, were employed to purchase him sundry little comforts.

"These will keep *him* warm when I am cold," she thought; "he will little think that while *he* forgot *me*, for better company 'tis true, *my* only happiness was to remember *him*, and that I shall scarcely be more solitary in the grave to which I am going, than I have been in the home to which he brought me."

Sometimes a little ink-bottle was taken from the mantle-shelf, and a sheet of paper from her little table drawer, and then, with effort, a few lines were traced, and the paper carefully hidden away, as if she had committed a crime. One night she had made more endeavor of this kind than usual, and the struggling, unassisted spirit of intelligence was burning in her bright hazel eye, and glowing on her beautiful cheek, when she was startled by an unusual noise. The paper was hurried into the drawer, the ink-bottle to the shelf, and taking the candle, she went out to the landing-place. She beheld her husband, assisted

by two men, slowly ascending the stairs. He had met with an accident; had broken his arm; it had been set; he had fainted during the operation; and, with the ghastliness of aspect incident to such circumstances, appeared before her.

This event prostrated Philip Morris for some time, during which Susan nursed him with unremitting care. It was long before he was able to return to work, but his employers were liberal and considerate, and did not forget, in his weakness the man who had toiled for their advantage in his days of health and strength. But though unable to pursue his manual labors, Philip Morris soon made an effort to get abroad in search of mental employment and social enjoyment. He went to his club, to the Mechanic's Institute, to the coffee shops where he could find the best selected books and the most newspapers. All this was well done; he nobly determined to rescue himself from being the mere machine of toil, the drudge for so much "trash as can be grasped thus." Alas! had he thought of *her* whom he had promised to love and cherish till death should them part,—had he considered whether *she* had not a soul of equal value with his own—perhaps an intellect as capable of repaying culture—then had he been twice blessed—blessed in the act and its reaction. But selfishly devoted to his own objects of pursuit, habituated to the wan looks of his quiet wife, he failed to perceive that her cheek grew paler, and her voice weaker; not that he had been insensible or indifferent to her care and anxiety during his illness; but with renovated health he returned to his old habits, and accustomed to receive sacrifices without making any, he sinned against gratitude and good feeling almost unconsciously. Gradually Susan found herself unequal to even the daily walk with little Philip, or the effort of going up and down stairs, and there was some talk of her returning home for a time, and trying the effects of her native air. She smiled feebly as this was spoken of, yet unattempted. She knew that she was going to a further and a better home, and often did she wish to say as much; but she was not eloquent of words, nor sufficiently strong of spirits, and after two or three fruitless attempts she desisted, and pursued, as far as she was able, the even tenor of her way.

Philip Morris recovered health, and was restored to work and full wages; again he talked of the country for Susan, and insisted on her trying a new doctor; he sought to tempt the appetite by such rarities as he could afford, but still he could not resign his own peculiar habits and enjoyments, and among the evils these entailed were late hours. One night he returned home, as usual, about midnight, when opening the room door, instead of the small bright fire, the trimmed candle, and pale patient worker he was accustomed to behold, all was darkness and silence. He paused a moment—an indescribable sensation of cold crept over his frame; and fear, like a paralyses, invaded his heart.

At length he exclaimed, "Susan, Susan, my dear." There was no reply; he stepped further into the room; he repeated her name yet louder; all was still! He groped his way to the fireplace; on the mantle-shelf he found a box of lucifer matches, obtained a light, and lighted a candle. He now beheld Susan, with her hand resting on the table seated in her usual place. He approached and took her hand. O heavens! its icy coldness! He flung himself on his knees on the floor, and looked up in her face; there was a sweet, placid smile upon the lips, for a forgiving, gentle spirit had passed from them, the eyes were fixed and filmed; Susan was dead—had been dead some hours. The distracted man rushed down stairs, alarmed all the inmates of the house as he passed; a medical man was soon present, and the chamber in which that young creature had almost lived and died alone, was thronged by a crowd, any one of whom inspired by a better social system, would willingly have sustained her to a longer life, or cheered the brief time that had been allotted her. All were horror-struck, and one heart-struck, particularly when the child, awakened by the tumult, scrambled out of his little bed, rushed for protection to his lifeless mother. Not even that voice, eloquent as it had ever been to her, could waken her again! The surgeon declared that her death had been sudden, and not from natural causes, but that it was a case which demanded an inquest.

An inquest was held. Among the evidence produced was a singularly affecting memorial; it was the journal which Susan had for some time kept, like the poor dungeon prisoner who daily notches a stick that he may be able to number the monotonous days of his captivity. The angel of the death-bed had arrested her hand just as it had feebly traced the following:

"It will not be long now, my child, my poor little Philip. He who calls away your mother will care for *you!* Philip Morris, my husband, my dear husband, I wish you were beside me now. You have been good, and kind, and generous, and I was not the wife you should have had. Be a kind father to our child when I am gone. You will—yes, surely you will one day take another wife. That which you never gave to *me*, give to her,—your society, your counsel. If she has been untaught, teach her; at least do not leave her to continual loneliness. You never knew it, and therefore cannot tell how sad the long, dull hours—"

As the reading of this little paper proceeded, Philip Morris struck his heart as if he sought to crush it within his breast. That heart had not been finished for severity or unkindness; on the contrary, much that was mild and generous mingled in its formation, but the second nature induced by habit had increased his original feelings and faculties; he had grown up to regard woman as the mere machine of domestic life with neither necessity nor capability for higher things, and which, to "spirits masculine," he deemed so essential that he made much sacrifice to secure cultivation for himself. Too late, conviction had dawned upon him, but it came accompanied by a contrition that attended him through the remainder of his life; and if, at any moment he felt the promptings of self-concentrated satisfaction, which the self-taught and insolated, (unable to compare himself with the more gifted and more endowed,) is apt to do, he thought of Susan and felt humbled; he thought of her, and looked around him with a desire to participate, not appropriate, the feast that had been furnished for all.

Written for the Lily.

THE PEARL; OR, WHICH WAS THE HAPPIEST?

The sun was just shedding his newly risen beams through the rich damask curtains, that shaded the windows of a luxuriously furnished room, near the centre of which stood two young girls, apparently nearly of an age. They were both beautiful, but the expressions of their finely moulded features were different. Helen the younger, as she sent her gay, joyous laugh out at intervals, told the observer that she apparently enjoyed much. Mary, the eldest, seemed more to have caught a glimpse of the true design of her being, and to have learned more of the truly useful.

They had not been long in this position, before the door slowly opened, and a tall elderly gentleman entered. "Grand-pa, dear grand-pa," they both eagerly exclaimed, as they sprang toward him, and leading him to a seat, gently put back his silvery locks and imprinted a kiss upon his time furrowed brow. "Ah!" said Mr. Ellis, "God has given me much of this world's good, and many blessings for which I should be thankful, but none do I prize more than the rich affections of these my dear grandchildren," and he bowed his head as if in grateful acknowledgement. Rising soon after, he took from the pocket of his coat a beautiful pearl, and holding it before them said, "knowing that I should be absent some time from you, dear children, I have purchased this pearl to bestow at my return, upon the one that is the happiest."

"How kind of you," they both replied; "but grand-pa," said the light hearted Helen, "do you not think that I may be the surest of it, for am I not always happy?" and a burst of her merry laugh rang through the room.

"You may think so now, my dear, but what I call happiness, you perhaps may yet know little of," and he cast an inquiring look upon Mary.—She made no remark, but just then a tear escaped from its hiding place, and came gliding down her cheek. Mr. Ellis raised her hand to his lips, then gently let it fall, replaced the pearl, and bidding them good morning, left the room.

Some few weeks from this time, Dr. M—— was shown into the same apartment where now lay in almost dying agony, the mother of these girls. She had for several weeks suffered from a fever which now had reached its height, and appeared unwilling to quit its hold, till death should come and close the scene. "Mother, dear mother," exclaimed Helen, "how can I bear to see you thus? Sister what shall we do?" (and she clasped her hands with agony,) "Submit humbly to the will of God," was whispered in an under tone, as Helen was borne fainting from the room.

The clock on the marble mantle-piece had chimed out the hour of twelve, when Mrs. H—— motioned to her friends to approach nearer; they did so, and she requested them to call her children. Mary and Helen then approached their dying parent, and bedewed with tears, her feebly extended hand. Mrs. H—— raised her eyes to heaven, "May God bless and protect my husband and our children," she gently whispered, then suddenly her hand relaxed, and fell drooping on the snowy coverlid. Her eyes closed—their long silken lashes drew over them—she was dead.

Some two or three years from this event, the two sisters were sitting alone together. Helen's hand had strayed from the keys of her piano, to adjust a truant curl, which had escaped from the bondage of the comb, and was roguishly sporting upon her fair cheek. She had just consigned it to a safer keeping, when the heavy fall of a book, as it struck the floor, caused her to break the silence. "Come now Mary," said she, "let that little accident induce you to lay aside your reading for the day, and join with me, in thinking of the anticipated pleasures of the evening; for I cannot drive the pleasing idea from my thoughts, of our attending together such a fashionable and splendid party. Only think since our dear mother's death, we have been out but very little, but to-night we shall be highly entertained; and it will give father too, so much pleasure, to see us once more, gay and cheerful. You will go most certainly," said she again, addressing Mary.

"Nay, sister, I may not go to-night," she answered. "I have other pleasures to seek after, and other scenes to take up my time."

"More profitably, I suppose," interrupted Helen. "Well then, I will go alone," and without waiting for any farther remark, she abruptly left the room.

They did not meet again till tea time; soon after which an elegant carriage drew up to the door, and Helen richly attired, was assisted in. Away whirled the vehicle upon the stony pavement, and as the sounds of its wheels died away in the distance, Mary cast one half sorrowing look in the direction it had taken, then drew together the folds of the curtains to exclude the departing rays of the sun, as if wishing to shut out all save her own reflections. "Now," thought she, as she surveyed the richly furnished room in which she sat; "God has given me many blessings—has surrounded me not only with comforts, but with luxuries. He has given me health, and many facilities for acquiring knowledge. I am now young, with wealth at my disposal, and what I wish I may do. If like Helen, I should mingle in the gaieties of the fashionable and pleasure seeking, I might appear like them—happy for a season—but would it not be *only for a season?*—what whuld there be left upon which reflection could feed, but the fragments of wasted moments spent in trifling amusements? When I look upon nature, and view her perfections; when I scent the fragrance of the new blown rose, and

eye is delighted with its beauty; when my ear catches the music of the birds, mingled with the noise of the water-falls, I can but see in all these, a union of the joyous with the beautiful—the musical and harmonious with the useful.—I am then to ask who is the cause of all this?—and an answer comes slowly up from my inmost thoughts, and tells me it is God. I am led to inquire farther, does He not desire that man also should unite the beautiful with the useful, the orderly with the harmonious; and I am answered "yes." But when I look for this arrangement in man's social intercourse, I see it not. I am compelled then to believe that there is a higher and a better system of social life, which lies hidden far off in the future—a system however, which we may all even now, aim to unfold and practice. A system which seeks to relieve the oppressed, to enlighten the ignorant, and to reclaim the vicious."

Her reflections were here interrupted by the clock, which chimed out the hour of seven.—"Now," thought she half aloud, "is the time for this day's duties to close, and in what better way can this be done, than in carrying out my design." She hastily arose and after filling a basket with dainties which her own hands had prepared, and adding a supply of medicines and cordials, she threw on her bonnet and shawl and sallied forth. She walked fast after the turn of one or two corners, and soon found herself at the door of a very small old house. Knocking gently at the door, it was opened by a pale, but sweet looking little girl about seven years of age. "Ma, the kind lady has come again," said she as she ran towards the window, near which sat a lady apparently too feeble to rise and welcome her guest. But the low grateful tones of her voice told her thankfulness. Mary loved to do deeds worthy of gratitude, but she cared little about the expression of it; especially when directed to herself. She blushed at the many encomiums upon her good deeds, which, though silent and still, had nevertheless been treasured up in many a grateful heart; for she truly had sought to do good to *many*, and these acts were to her like bright sunbeams upon her path, which reflected beauty and happiness upon all around.

After sitting a few moments, she emptied her nicely filled basket and quietly resumed her seat. The little girl almost frantic with joy, to think that Mary was once more with them, drew hastily together the folds of the faded curtain, lighted a small lamp, and then going to the window, took down a cage, wherein sat perched a snow white dove. She whispered something in an under tone to her mother, and then approaching Mary, while a smile of child-like simplicity played around her features, begged her to take it, "Yes, accept it," said the mother, "it was once the favorite of better days, but it gives us a sad pleasure now to give it to one who has been so *kind* to us," and she hastily brushed a tear from her eye. Mary thanked them tenderly for their gift, imprinted a kiss upon the little girl's cheek, drew closer together the folds of her shawls, and amid expressions of sincere gratitude, bade them good night. When returned, and seated in her own apartment, she felt truly that her time had not been *misspent*.

She was awakened early the next morning, by a servant who came to tell her that Mr. Ellis had returned. With a happy smile, as the sun darted his bright beams through the curtained windows, she led Helen into the breakfast room, where sat waiting her father and grandfather. "God bless you my dear children," said Mr. Ellis, as he rose and extended his hand to them. When the first greetings were over, they all sat down and cheerfully partook of an excellent repast. After the cloth was removed, Mr. Ellis drew forth the same identical pearl, and holding it up that it might catch the sun's rich light, said, "allow me now to present this gift to the one who has spent her time the most usefully, for only to such is given happiness," and he looked inquiringly upon Helen; but a cloud had suddenly gathered on her brow, and she turned impatient to Mary.—Mr. Ellis' eyes followed hers, and caught the calm quiet gaze of the elder sister. Just then a fluttering noise was heard, and the snow white dove rested upon the shoulder of Mary for a moment, then gently rising, nestled to her bosom, and folded its white wings upon her heart.—"Give the pearl to her," cried Helen, "for she has truly sought to make life useful, and to do good to all, while I, ever since your absence, have thought only of my own selfish gratifications."—Mr Ellis placed the pearl in the hand of Mary, and said, "may it be to you as an emblem of the "Pearl of great price," which the Father of us all may one day give unto you." M.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

Mr. Saxe not long since in a poem satirized literary women very keenly, upon which Grace Greenwood wrote a severe criticism on his volume, which was published in the Evening Post. Mr. Saxe after seeing the criticism, wrote a note to the editor of the Post, in which he makes an exception in favor of Grace. This calls forth another letter from her, from which we make the following extract:—

New Brighton, Jan. 22, 1850.

Gentlemen:— * * * * At the time of my writing, I was feeling peculiarly sensitive in regard to my womanly, as well as literary position. The grand-papa-ish lectures of Mr. Dana had troubled and discouraged me. I said—"if so speak and write our poets, surely the age is on the backward line of march." I had become impatient and indignant for my sex, thus lectured to, preached at, and satirized eternally. I had grown weary of hearing women told that her sole business here—the highest, worthiest aims of her existence were to be loving, lovable, feminine—to win thus a lover and a lord, whom she might glorify abroad, and make comfortable at home.

We have had enough of this. Man is not best qualified to mark out woman's life-path. He knows, indeed, what he desires her to be, but he does not yet understand all that God and nature require of her. Woman should not be made up of love alone, the other attributes of her being should not be dwarfed, that this may have a large, unnatural growth. Hers should be a distinct individuality—an independent moral existence—or at least, the dependence should be mutual. Woman can best judge of woman—her wants, capacities, aspirations and powers. She can best speak to her on the life of the affections, on the loves of her heart, on the peculiar joys and sorrows of her lot. She can best teach her to be true to herself—to her high nature, to her brave spirit,—and then, indeed, shall she be constant in her love, and faithful to her duties, all, even to the most humble. Woman can strengthen woman for the life of self-sacrifice, of devotion, of ministration, of much endurance which lies before her.

A woman of intellect and right feeling would never dream of pointing out the weak and unfilial Desdemona as an example to her sex in this age—would never dare to hold up as "our destined end and aim," a one love, however romantic and poetical, which might be so selfishly sought, and so unscrupulously secured.

Thank Heaven, woman herself is awaking to a perception of the causes which have hitherto impended her free and perfect development—which have shut her out from the large experiences, the wealth and fulness of the life to which she was called. She is beginning to feel, and to cast off the bonds which oppress her—many of them, indeed, self-imposed, and many gilded and rarely-wrought, covered with flowers and delicate tissues, but none the less bonds—bonds upon the speech, upon the spirit, upon the life.

There surely is a great truth involved in this question of "Woman's Rights," and agitated as it may be, with wisdom and mildness, or with rashness, and the bold, high spirit which shocks and startles at the first, good will come out of it eventually—great good—and the women of the next age will be the stronger and the freer, aye, and the happier, for the few brave spirits who stood up fearlessly for unpopular truth against the world.

I know that I expose myself to the charge of being unfeminine in feeling—of ultraism. Well, better that than conservatism, though conservatism were safer and more respectable. Senselessness is always safety, and a mummy is a thoroughly respectable personage.

But to return to Mr. Saxe. Our poet satirized rather keenly literary women, as a class, in the poem on which I remarked, but afterwards, in his communication to the "Post," most politely intimates that he excepts me, as one of the "women of real talent." But I will not be excepted. I stand in the ranks, liable to all the penalties of the calling—exposed to the hot shot of satire, and the stinging arrows of ridicule. I will not be received as an exception, where full justice is not done to the class to which I belong.

Suppose now, that I should write a poem, to deliver before some "Women's Rights Convention," or "Ladies Literary Association," on "The Times," which should come down sharp and heavy on the literary men of the day, for usurping the delicate employ by right and nature the peculiar province of woman, "the weaker vessel"—for neglecting their shops, their fields, their counting-houses and their interesting families, and wasting their precious time in writing love-tales, "doleful ditties," and "distressful strains," for the magazines—for flirting with the muse, while their wives are wanting shoes—or perpetrating puns, while their children cry for "buns!" Suppose that pointing every line with wit, I should hold them up to contempt, as careless, improvident, lovers of pleasure, given to self-indulgence—taking their Helicon more than dashed with gin—seekers after notoriety, eccentric in their habits and unmanly in all their tastes! After this, should I very handsomely make an exception, in favor of Mr. Saxe, would he feel complimented?

As far as I have known literary women, and as far as they have been made known to us in literary biography, the unwomanly and unamiable, the poor wives, and daughters, and sisters, have been the rare exceptions. I mean not alone "women of genius," but would include those of mere talent—of mediocre talent even, devoted to letters as a profession, and who by their estimable characters and blameless lives are an honor to their calling.

I believe that for one woman whom the pursuits of literature, the ambition of authorship, and the love of fame have rendered unfit for home-life, a thousand have been made thoroughly, undomestic by poor social strivings, the follies of fashion, and the intoxicating distinction which mere personal beauty confers. Grace Greenwood.

A NOBLE BOY.

A boy was once tempted, by some of his companions, to pluck ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch.

"You need not be afraid," said one of them; "for if your father should find out that you had them, he is so kind that he would not hurt you."

"*That is the very reason*," replied the boy, "why I would not touch them. It is true my father would not hurt me; yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than anything else."

A boy who grows up with such principles would be a man in the best sense of the word.—It betokens a regard for rectitude and firmness that would render him trustworthy under every trial.

Constantine, King of Scots, in the year 870, punished the crime of drunkenness with death. He used to say that a drunkard was but a mimic of a man, and differed from beast only in shape.

For the Lily.

MUSIC.

"*Music hath charms to soothe the troubled soul.*" Who has not felt the power of music, its calm, subduing and soothing voice, that so often bringeth healing on its wing? If it comes to us in the hour of grief and disappointment, it chastens our sorrow and bids us place our hope above, where care is unknown. If it is in the hour when dark and brooding thoughts come over us, and the world seems cold and cheerless, it then whispers to us words of comfort and sweet peace, and throws about us its mild and balmy influence, shedding a heavenly radiance upon the soul.—There are many kinds of music. Nature is constantly warbling forth her praises to her Creator. Who can say in his inmost soul he is discontent? let him look about; for there *is much* of harmony and music in Nature. The wind as it mournfully sighs through the trees, speaks to the soul in tones of melancholy sweetness; the rivulet as it glides by, sends forth its gentle music, and the thousand warblers of the wood, in their joyousness, sing sweet songs of praise to their Maker. If we wish for music of a grander and more sublime effect, let us go to the roaring waterfall.—Can there be anything more imposing? How does it strike the mind? do we not feel a reverential awe? and are we not led to raise our thoughts to high and noble conceptions, and feel an awakening in our inmost soul, as if to deeds of glory and renown? Yes, there *is* music all about us, if we would but listen to it. Who can deny its power, when in the stillness of evening, a sweet and plaintive air is sung, filling the heart with deep and varied emotions. Every chord and fibre vibrates, as we catch the inspiration, and attune our hearts to melody. It is heaven-born; even as when David inspired by the beauties of the night, and filled with the goodness of God, first struck his lyre, and poured forth his soul in strains of lofty thoughts to the Maker of the Universe.

Seneca Falls, March 20, 1850. G. M. F.

Written for the Lily.

TOKENS.

Holy and sanctified to affectionate hearts are tokens of love—"white sea birds of memory"—links of gold in the chain of life, binding together the present with the past, and weaving a thought for the future. The charmed key unlocks the gate of memory and thoughtfully we stand before the portal, while from those shadowy realms appear before us, beautiful and gloriously bright, the loved and "long departed."

Painfully sad, too, are many of the memories which these single links of love awaken, recalling perhaps our first lesson in life's changefulness, and the wreck of earliest and brightest dreams—remembrances of those upon whose love we looked as a thing to lean upon forever—a love glorified by its holy purity and entire unselfishness. But a breath of the world swept over it, and a bond is broken which we once fondly deemed imperishable. Yet why is it that we cling so closely to something tangible by which we may connect the present with the past of our lives? Is it that by awakening a single thought, thousands come rushing in unbidden,—link after link unites until life's broken chain is bound again, and we seem to revel in the sunshine of youth and love?

Tearfully the pale mother turns to her relics which have become to her almost as household gods, and as she takes them from their secret hiding places what sad thoughts are busy at her heart! There is a child's rattle with its silver bells, a little hat with its once bright ribbons crushed and faded, and she sees again before her in all his radiant beauty the bright face of her youngest son. His had been a brief life of joy—a rose, tremulous with the dews of the morning, which a cold wind had broken from its stem ere one bright leaf had faded. Yet a voice whispered to her heart, "Better thus to pass away in his sinless beauty before the world has blighted or guilt stained the purity of his soul."

There are some faded wild flowers—pale bending lilies with leaves of green, yet not more brightly did they bloom on their native hill sides, waving in the breeze and kissed by the sunshine, than she, of whose pure life they seem a fitting emblem. Beautiful, yet a beauty felt rather than perceived—an impression of loveliness made upon the mind like the aroma of unseen flowers floating by us upon the wind's breath. I see her now as she went from among us, a bride, lovely and well beloved. For a time the story of her life was cloudless, clear and serene—a twilight brightness of love and hope. But there came a night of darkness when hope faded, clouds thickened, and the starlight paled. He whose faith had seemed to her perfect and indestructible, had fallen, become that senseless and degraded thing—a *drunkard*. Not all at once was the ruin wrought. Not openly in all his hideous deformity did the tempter approach his victim, but in the hour of festive mirth, at the gay banquet, the glittering wine cup is proffered. Bewilderingly bright its sparkling bubbles shine. He raises it to his lips, drinks, and the first downward step is taken. Night after night finds him at the gay revel, and the wine passes not untasted. Perchance conscience whispers to him now, yet her voice falls not so sweetly upon his ear as it was wont to do. There is a want of moral courage, self discipline and an unmanly fear of the "world's dread laugh." Rapidly now the work of self destruction is consummated, and under its debasing influence the pleadings of humanity, "friendship, love and purity," are recklessly repelled. He becomes an outcast, guilty, wretched, beyond hope, almost beyond the reach of prayer. And she, the true-hearted, droops and dies. Meet and fitting emblems are ye, lilies of the hill-side, of a life so good and pure.

Vividly do his treasured tokens recall to the stern cold man the visions of his boyhood. He seems to hear again the sound of the home voices, and to look upon the meek faces that clustered around its hearth stone.

> "Then the forms of the departed
> Enter at the open door,
> The beloved, the true hearted
> Come to visit him once more."

The fountain of buried love is again unsealed; but how slight a thing can send its waters back; a clustering curl and a few penciled lines of poetry. Mockingly the light falls upon these emblems of a broken faith. How frail the thread which bound a love he deemed so changeless; how coldly calculating the heart he thought so true and pure, and consecrated so entirely to him with its untouched wealth of love and beauty! But the awakening came, and the footprints of that storm of passion are still traceable upon his stern and unrelaxing features.

The mother takes a curl of hair from her boy's brow as he leaves her for the busy strife of life; and she sighs to think that perhaps ere she sees him again, the darker locks of manhood or the whitened ones of age may cluster there. The warrior turns to a faded banner, or flashing sword, and recalls the strife of battle. The school girl to the "something to remember you by," exchanged on the day of parting. A dream of childhood comes back with the pale spring violets that grew around our childhood's home—perhaps ours no longer. All these have power to awaken memories which cling around the heart's chords. Yet whether painful or pleasurable the echoes which these tokens of the past awaken, their effect should be salutary, chastening and purifying the earthly spirit, while it awaits trustingly the great re-union.

ALICE LEE.

Detroit, Mich.

CHILDREN.—The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy; occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.—[Rev. Sidney Smith.

WOMAN.

So much is written now upon the subject of woman's rights, that it often prompts the question, What is it that women are contending for?—Surely in this country their wants are more perfectly provided for, and their rights more fully acknowledged than any where else. True, but that is not so much the question as whether the true position they *should* occupy at this period of the world is allowed them.

In looking into the condition of the women of our own country, and the various positions they occupy in other countries, we are led to the conclusion that they rise or fall, in the capacity of moral and intellectual attaintments, in loftiness and strength of mind, and in virtue, in direct proportion to the respect or disrespect with which they are regarded. Human nature is so constituted that a people sink not only in its own estimation, but in its capacity for usefulness, just in proportion to the disrespect and oppression which it is forced to endure,—and vice versa. Then if women are independent moral beings—if their best and highest influence is essential to the proper development and growth of the rising generation—if the amount of freedom which women enjoy is an index to the civilization of a country, then there is every inducement and not the *least possible objection*, to so correct every outward influence that no impediments may arise to prevent her from attaining that full, healthy, mental vigor, that perfect physical freedom and health, which it is the undoubted right and duty of every human being to strive to attain. Notwithstanding our many-boasted-of privileges, we are bound down by oppressive restraints; some of the most oppressive of which, are enforced by custom alone. These many—these minute customs—too insignificant to be regulated by law, make up by far the greater portion of the disadvantages which women have to labor under. To be sure we have no voice in public legislation—may not become public officers—may not decide by what laws we shall be governed. There are no colleges and universities of learning endowed for us, where, removed from the turmoil and anxieties of busy life we may prosecute our studies undisturbed, and finally leave with the honors due our devotedness and perseverance—bearing with pride and pleasure the diploma and the title; to pursue during the remainder of our days some favorite profession. We have not all of these privileges, yet the deprivation of them is not so great a barrier to female progression, as the innumerable, the nameless restraints imposed by society.

Must women always spend their days in the practice of culinary operations, in compounding dishes for the gratification of perverted appetites, with no knowledge of their effects upon the system, or the changes which are produced chemically by their combinations? A thorough knowledge of domestic duties is highly essential, and would not be esteemed lightly by a well educated woman. But when these alone, or what is still worse the *half-life* which our women of accomplishment lead, (meaning by accomplishment a slight knowledge of science, literature and etiquette,) is made all that is requisite in the life of women, it may well be compared to skimming the surface, while an inexhaustible mine of riches lies below, which they have the capacity to, but may not, fathom.

That society thinks women capable only of revolving in a very limited circle, is shown by the general tenor of social conversation, and by writers—especially novel writers. Even men who claim the greatest liberality on the subject of women's rights and abilities, often contradict their avowed sentiments, by their general conversation. This *may be* the result of habit, still the effect is none the less crushing—none the less calculated to make women distrust their unappreciated abilities.

LYDIA A. JENKINS.

Pleasure is like a cordial—a little of it does not injure, but too much destroys.

THE LILY.

AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor.

MAY, 1850.

WHAT CAN WE SAY?

We feel almost discouraged and sick at heart when we take up our pen to say anything on the subject of temperance. After all that has been said and done by the friends of the cause—after the vast amount of wretchedness and crime caused by the traffic in intoxicating drinks has been brought before the people in all its magnitude—in view of the great sacrifice of human happiness and life annually offered up on the altar of intemperance, and notwithstanding the prayers and petitions of the people to be delivered from this curse—to see the disregard shown it, and the cold indifference with which it is viewed—to have our petitions contemptuously treated, and a virtual consent given to the prosecution of the barbarous traffic by our Legislature, is enough to chill the warmth and dampen the zeal of those possessing stronger nerves and a more sanguine temperament than ourself.

We have looked with hope, and yet with but little faith, for some action on the part of that body, which should leave the question of "sale or no sale" in the hands of the people. Had this been done, there is not a doubt as to the result, if that question could be voted on separate from the entanglements of party politics. But our wise and enlightened law-makers, like the hot-headed slavery extensionists, fear taking or allowing to be taken, any measures which shall break the power of the tyrant alcohol, and suffer their enslaved brethren to regain their freedom.

Yet we would not censure our legislators too severely. It cannot be expected that they will prohibit what themselves approve and are interested in maintaining. It is the people who incur the guilt and must bear the responsibility of the doings of the legislature and the rum traffic.—They send men to Albany, the majority of whom are, to say the least, moderate drinkers, and many of them engaged, either directly or indirectly, in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks. It is almost presumption on the part of the people to ask such men to legislate against their own interests and appetites. The voters of this state have many of them year after year sent petitions to Albany only to be treated with neglect and insult, and yet it does not open their eyes, or give them wisdom and understanding sufficient to induce them to give their suffrages only to those whom they know would listen to their petitions and give heed to their requests.

We sometimes think that men are so selfish, so depraved, that it is useless urging them any more on this subject. There is strength sufficient in the temperance army—there are enough of those who claim to be temperance men, to overpower the rum trade and crush it at a single blow, if they would but carry out their *professed* principles, and act like honest consistent men.—But alas! for the weakness of mortal man! while he extends one hand to the poor victim of the rum traffic, and denounces with bitterness that traffic as a traffic of death, and the traffickers as a life blighting and soul destroying class, with the other he warmly grasps that of the hardened, heartless destroyer, and by means the most sure, gives his influence to bear in favor of the traffic, and for the interest of him who earns his subsistence by robbing women and children of theirs, and sapping away by inches the life blood of their husbands and fathers.

We have waited, watched and hoped, for men to arouse in their strength and shake off the foul leprosy which is spreading, fearfully spreading, over our land. But we have wearied in watching, and our hope has given way to despondency.—When we see the apathy which prevails on this subject in our midst—when we see the yielding and cringing to the rum power on the part of those claiming to be temperance men, while the rum-seller pursues his work fearless and undisturbed, we are tempted to throw aside our pen in disgust, and never again open our mouth on the subject.

This question is the only one on which we have ever felt *very anxious* to *vote*, and we now sometimes think that the cause never will triumph till women have that privilege granted them—that intemperance and its kindred vices are yet to receive their death blow from the hands of women! The signs of the times indicate that such a day is approaching. To save the people from becoming a nation of drunkards, we pray it may come quickly.

SLAVERY AND INTEMPERANCE.

We could not repress a smile while reading L. A. J.'s criticism on an article signed S., which appeared in our March number. Only to think that S., who is an out and out abolitionist, a warm personal friend of Frederick Douglas, Charles Lenox Remond, and many others of the colored champions of freedom, and who has been ridiculed and censured for extending to them her sympathy and hospitality, and receiving them on terms of equality, should be taken to task for her *pro-Slavery sentiments!!* It is indeed rich, and it gives us pleasure to publish the letter. We dare say that L. A. J. has taken S. for a radical Whig supporter of Gen. TAYLOR's administration, and as a matter of course—according to the belief of those claiming to be the particular friends of the slave—in favor of Slavery extension. This must be very gratifying to S., and we hope she may enjoy it as much as we have done.

But trifling aside, we think L. A. J. has mistaken the design and meaning of the article in question. S. doubtless thinks with us, that "charity begins at home"—that it would be well for the people of the *North* to pull the beam from their own eyes, before they essay to take the mote from the eyes of their brethren at the *South*. In other words that our Legislators should make it their first business to abolish Slavery at home.—When that is done—when the chains of the Northern Slaves are burst, and the thousands who are now held in cruel bondage set free, it will be well for them to turn their attention to the oppressed of other lands, and concert measures for breaking down the lighter system of Slavery existing at the South. For however revolting to our feelings that system of oppression may be—however much we may deplore the cruel fate of the southern Slave, and regard with abhorrence and detestation the slave owner, we can but think its enormities light when compared with the slave system existing at the North—the Slave a happy man compared with the drunkard—the Slave holder innocent and respectable, when brought in comparison with the drunkard maker.

Drunkenness, it is true is not our sin alone, but it *is our* "*particular sin*,"—*our great* sin, and certainly calls for some action on the part of our law makers, before they take cognizance of the sins of others. Our Legislature had nothing to do—could do nothing, towards ameliorating the condition of the southern slave, more than passing strong resolutions condemnatory of the system.—Of what use then was long debates and "pow wows" on that subject. They spent their time and the people's money discussing matters of minor importance to the well being of their constituants, while the prayers and petitions of tens of thousands of the people who placed them in power, for protection from the most cruel destroyer that ever dessolated the earth, were passed over and treated with silent contempt. Such actions on the part of our Legislators should call forth the indignation of every friend of humanity, and lover of his race. We are glad that even an "ultra abolitionist" like S. can see and rebuke the wrong doings of the wine bibbing, unprincipled class of men who are honored with a seat in the halls of legislation, by an enlightened and freedom loving (?) people.

☞ Mrs. SWISSHELM, who is now in Washington, made a formal application to Mr. FILLMORE, for a seat in the *reporters'* gallery, which was granted her at once. This is the first time such a privilege has been granted to a woman.—She is now writing a series of letters, which are published in the New York Tribune, giving her ideas of men and things in Congress. These letters, like everything coming from her pen, show her to be a woman of more than ordinary powers of mind and intellect. If she and a few more like her, could take the places of some of the distinguished statesmen, who are quarrelling and drawing pistols upon each other, we apprehend the Slavery question would be settled, and California admitted *instanter*.

HONOR TO THE LADIES OF BUFFALO.—*Fifteen hundred ladies of the city of Buffalo*, have signed a petition to their Common Council not to grant licenses for the sale of intoxicating drinks.

If they had 1500 votes to give, the Common Council would no doubt open their ears, and eyes too, for then their petitioners would have something to say as to what kind of officers should regulate the internal economy of Buffalo.

☞ We hate a *dun* as bad as we do a *debt*, and wish to avoid both if possible; but we would just say to those who have not paid their subscriptions to the Lily for the present year, that our printers want money, and if those so indebted will lend us fifty cents each, it will greatly oblige both them and us. Our Waterloo subscribers will confer a favor by handing the amount to Mr. LUCAS, at the Post Office, who will transmit it to us.

☞ We have several articles on hand which we cannot find room for this month. Some of them will appear in our next—others will not be published at all.

A WORD IN PRIVATE WITH MRS. NICHOLS.

The lecture you gave us on knitting, Mrs. NICHOLS, was all very fine, but we fear we shall not profit much by it. We never were much of a knitter—never had much taste for that kind of employment. Had we been compelled to do more of it, we presume we should like it better, as then we should have acquired proficiency in the art. When we labor we want more active employment, and when we rest from our labors and take up a book or paper to while away an hour or two, we do not like to be disturbed by the fear of dropping stitches or have our interest in what we are reading, broken in upon while we pick them up. The truth is we never have much time to knit; other cares and duties occupy our attention, and even the little reading we do, is done at odd moments stolen from other duties.—Now you will wonder what we, who have no "little feet to knit for," can find so much to do. Well, we will tell you in confidence something of ourself that we never have told our readers, and mind, you must keep it a *secret*.

For our adherence to Whig principles, and our support of Gen. TAYLOR, we were rewarded with the Post Office in this place a year ago, or rather our husband was appointed Post Master, and we his assistant. Although this husband of ours is perfectly willing to accord us all our rights, and let us have our own way at home, he had some doubts as to the propriety of our holding such an important public office; not that he had any objection to it himself, but on account of the speech of people. But his scruples soon gave way to our superior (?) judgment, and our oath of fidelity and allegiance to the constitution of our Country, was forthwith transmitted to the "powers that be," at Washington. For the past year this office has occupied the greater part of our time; and that we have been a faithful, trusty servant of the people, you may judge from the fact that for days and weeks when business has called our "other half" to a distance from home, the entire duties of the office have been entrusted to us—duties by no means light in so large a village as ours. Our Lily being only a monthly, does not require so much attention as would a weekly. Still it calls for much of our time, as the whole charge and labor attending it, except the printing, devolves upon us. In addition to our duties as Post Master and publisher, we have, after *boarding* nearly a year, again taken upon ourself the cares of housekeeping. We think we can arrange our ideas and write out editorial better while washing dishes and making puddings and pies, than we could over our knitting; so we shall lay the knitting aside until "Jack Frost" admonishes us next fall, that we must prepare for his reception. As to the "little feet" we have no fears but they will wait till we get the stockings ready.

Now, Mrs. NICHOLS, we have told you how we spend our time, and do you think we could do much more? Then pray don't scold us again for not *knitting*, until we show symptoms of idleness, and a proneness to shrink from the performance of our many duties.

We have let our readers abroad know nothing of all this, and mind you do not tell. There is a wrong impression on the minds of many, that "Uncle Sam's" Post Masters receive their letters free, and we fear if it were known that we are one of them, we should have too great a tax imposed upon us in the way of *postage*—a tax which we are subject to the same as others. If the old gentleman had only given us the *franking* privilege with our office, we should have made it known long ago, and courted a correspondence with many of the kind friends who have cheered and encouraged us in our editorial labors. As it is, we prefer that all having business with us, *relating to our paper*, should spare us in the matter of *postage*.

For the Lily.

WHY MUST WOMEN VOTE.

Woman must exercise her right to the elective franchise and have her own representatives in our councils, for two great reasons.

1st. Man cannot represent us. He is thoroughly educated into the belief that woman's nature is altogether different from his own; he has no idea that she is governed by the same laws of mind with himself. Men, so far from viewing us like themselves, from their legislation, seem to think us their moral and intellectual antipodes in everything, for whatever law they consider good for themselves, they forthwith pass its opposite for us, and express the most profound astonishment, if we manifest the least dissatisfaction. For example: Our forefathers pitched King George, his authority, and his tea chests, all into the sea, because forsooth they were forced to pay taxes to British government, and yet had no representatives in their national councils. "Taxation without representation" was the text for many a hot debate in the forests of the new world, and for eloquent orations in the parliament of the old. Yet in forming a new government, the very rights were denied to us for which our fathers fought, and bled, and died to secure to themselves. They have not only taxed our property, but in many cases they take it all from us. They tax us to build colleges, then pass a special law forbidding any woman to enter there. A married woman is not supposed to have any legal existence. She has no more absolute rights than a slave on a southern plantation. She takes the name of her master, she owns nothing, she can get no redress for grievances in her own name in any court of justice this side of Heaven. The principle on which she is educated is the same. The slave is taught what is considered best for him to know,—which is nothing. The woman, what is best for her to know,—which is a little more than nothing,—man being the judge in both cases.—She cannot follow out the impulses of her own immortal mind in her sphere, any farther than the slave can in his. Civilly, socially and religiously, she is what man chooses her to be, nothing more or less,—and such is the slave, and this is slavery. It is impossible to convince man that we think and feel exactly as he does, that we have the same sense of right and wrong, the same love of justice, freedom and independence. Some regard us as angels and some as devils,—hence one class would shut us up in a certain sphere for fear of the evil that might be done us, and another for fear of the evil we might do; so, except for the sentiment in the matter, for all the good it does us, we might as well be the one as the other.

2d. Man cannot legislate for us. Our statute books and all past experience force this truth upon us. His laws made for our special benefit have been without exception unjust, cruel and aggressive. Having denied our identity with himself, he has no data to go upon in judging of our wants and interests. If we are alike in our mental structure, then certainly we ought to have a voice in making the laws which govern us,—if we are not alike, then we must make our own laws, as we alone can tell what we need. If it be indeed true in this government that all men and women are free and equal, then do we claim a place in our Senate Chambers and Houses of Representatives. But if after all it be found that even here we have classes and caste,—not Lords and Commons, but Lords and Women, then must we claim a lower House, where we can watch the passage of all bills affecting our own welfare or that of our country. Had the women of this country a voice in the government, think you our national escutcheon would have been stained with the foul blot of aggressive warfare upon such weak defenceless people as the Seminoles and Mexicans?—think you we should cherish and defend in the heart of our nation such a wholesale system of piracy, cruelty, licentiousness and ignorance, as is our slavery? Think you that relic of barbarism, the gallows,—by which the wretched murderer is sent, with blood upon his soul, uncalled for, into the presence of his God, would be sanctioned by law? Verily, no!—or I greatly mistake woman's love of justice, mercy and truth. But who questions our right to the elective franchise? No *one*, I believe. We can show our credentials, if need be, to the right of self-government. We got ours just when and where man got his. They are all Heaven-descended—God given. It is our duty to assert and re-assert this right; agitate, discuss and petition, until our political equality be fully recognized. This is the point of attack, the strong-hold of the fortress,—the one we shall find most difficult to take, the one man will most reluctantly yield,—therefore let us encamp right under its shadow, there spend our time, strength and ammunition, year after year, with perseverance, courage and decision.—Let no soft nonsense of woman's beauty, delicacy and refinement,—no promise of gold and silver, bank stock or landed estate, seduce us from our position, until that one strong hold falls to the ground; this done, all our other rights may we take at *our* discretion,—then comes equality in church and state, as well as in the family circle and in all our social relations.

E. C. S.

For the Lily.

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

WELL, DEAR LILY, the Legislature of this state has at length adjourned. The members have gone to their respective homes, with their money and two or three bushels of documents, each. The proceedings of the session are now to be published. This whole performance will cost the state about $200,000. Those women who hold property will be taxed in common with the men, to help raise this sum. But we will not grumble; for one bill alone, which they have passed, is of itself worth double this whole sum. The substance of this bill is, that whatever money a married woman puts into a savings bank, she may draw it out again *herself*; no one else shall draw it, not even her liege lord, be he drunk or sober, wise or foolish, sane or insane. Heretofore, you know, no married woman could of herself invest money in any way. Under the new laws in relation to property, some rights were granted to women, but still no married woman could deposite money in a bank. So this winter it seems a bill sprung up in the lower House to this effect, that a married woman might work hard and put for instance $1000 in a bank, and then she should have a perfect right to draw out $250, the remainder should be at the disposal of her husband, whoever or whatever he might chance to be. This was *magnanimous!!* $250 is a great sum for a woman to have at her disposal, particularly if she have the skill to make more, and the providence to save what she earns. This bill passed the Assembly and went to the Senate; and what do you think that august body said to this outburst of chivalry from the lower House? In their amendment they surpassed their condjutors, and themselves even, in generosity. They said a married woman might not only deposit money in a savings bank, but she might also draw it *all* out again *herself*. Thus amended, the bill passed the two Houses una-

One great principle is thus settled.—[illegible] women of the Empire State return [illegible] thanks to their sires and sons. Only [illegible] of it! *A woman!!* be she married or [illegible] can now deposit her *own* money in a bank, [illegible] draw it *all* out again *herself*. The length, [illegible] breadth, the height and the depth of this act [illegible] mercy and justice is only equalled by the fact [illegible] that our Legislatures have been but fifty short [illegible] of arriving at its truth. S. F.

Stanton

For the Lily.

Mrs. Bloomer:—The March *Lily* contained an article from S., wherein that writer says some things I would like to advert to. Speaking of questions which have been before the Legislature, S. says, "they have spouted eloquently on Slavery, a subject on which they expect to pass no laws in this State."

The *best* means of ascertaining the proceedings of that body may not have been accessible to me, but from what I have learned, I should judge that whatever has been said, little has been *accomplished* on any subject. But this is not the point to which my attention was particularly directed. S. continues, "that is not our particular sin."—What! would you have them say nothing, on *that* account? Would you make *that* a reason for excluding the subject from the Legislature? Is *intemperance* "our particular sin? There is much said and some legislation upon that subject in this State, but certainly not by inebriates, not by those whose inhuman occupation is, making men drunk. Should our legislators refrain from saying anything upon the subject of intemperance until those whose sin is liquor selling and drinking, should desire it, I fear we would not soon be blessed with the "model" Wisconsin law, nothing less than which in a political sense, will stay the fell destroyer. Had that principle been acted upon in all time past, I apprehend the progress of Reform had been tardy indeed. Political or moral reform has never been advanced by those who were benefited by the existing state of things, but by the injured, or by those who had no personal interest at stake. The proverb I believe to be of universal application, "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. The few act upon and move the masses. Instances might be cited in which from some remote locality, the agitation of a moral or political evil has commenced: the sentiment diffusing, nothing could stay its progress, and it continued to rock the Empire until from the strength and numbers of its adherents, it became the *universal sentiment*. Such I trust, will be the case with Slavery—such with Intemperance.

Again, S. says, "Negro Slavery is a very proper question for discussion in Washington, for the general government has the right to regulate the slave trade and abolish slavery in the District."—I will not object to this paragraph, but give my own views and a few reasons for entertaining them. Negro Slavery is a very proper question for discussion any where, especially *any where in the United States*. First, because Negro Slaves are a part of the human family, possessing feelings, and endowed with faculties which are capable of infinite expansion and progression; morally accountable to the author of their being and their own consciences for the exercise of their faculties. Secondly, because Slavery sunders families and friends, whenever it is to the owner's interest, regardless of the slaves' feeling. And thirdly, because Slavery is one of the greatest evils which can afflict a free population. It prohibits the proper exercise of many faculties, prevents the formation of habits of industry, which are one of the best securities of permanent Republicanism, and perverts to a fearful extent the morals of the youthful population. We have a right to agitate all moral questions. And in view of the benefits of agitation, it becomes our duty. Were there no more sellers nor drinkers of rum in our own State, I believe we would have a duty to perform while the traffic was carried on in other States. And were Slavery abolished in our country, we would not be exhonerated from doing what we could for the freedom of Russian serfs, or the liberation of our fellow-beings from bondage in whatever portion of the earth they are retained as bondsmen. At the same time, while so much remains to be done before a proper state of things exists among us, I would not think it advisable for our legislature to "spend all their eloquence on Slavery." even though intemperance were banished from among us.

"We expect to pass no laws on the subject of slavery in this state." True, but when the subject of Irish oppression has been agitated in this country—when our sympathy has been enlisted in favor of the oppressed Pole or Hungarian, has it been because we expected to pass any laws in their favor? No: but because every nation is aware that it exerts an influence over other nations—and our nation, had it no mighty sins of its own to answer for before a tribunal of nations, would possess an unbounded influence over others. Dearly as I love the cause of temperance I should keenly regret to see other branches of reform give way for its progress, because it seems to me unnecessary. Temperance should doubtless occupy our first but not our exclusive attention. It has too truly been said that our legislators are willing to be eloquent and anxious upon the subject of Slavery, which is afar off, while subjects which exist among us and which they can pass laws upon, are overlooked. But because this is the case it does not follow that they should entirely neglect the one and give exclusive attention to the other. Our legislators and reformers should co-operate for mutual and for general good—then they would be likely to do something towards bringing about the final result which should be the object of every statesman and philanthropist—*freedom from everything debasing—freedom, in its full meaning, for every member of the human family.*

L. A. J.

For the Lily.

Friends of Temperance! ye who stand looking to your law makers for the remedy of all moral evils, what think you of the result to your cause of this Legislative session? Could you have taken a calm survey of some of your representatives in their seats, with their bullet heads and red faces; could you have seen them *after dinner*, in hot debate, hurling at each other a medley of logic, invective, and tumblers of water, I think you would fain have turned elsewhere for help in your great cause—to some higher tribunal would you have sent your petitions. If such is the fountain what must the waters be? How vain! to hope that Legislators, who drink themselves, who board throughout the session at Rum Hotels, who practice no self-control, but turn what should be a grave deliberative assembly, where wise men meet to make wise laws for the good of their race, into a scene more befitting some country inn than the Capitol of our state,—how vain! I say, to look to such men for laws against drunkenness, rowdyism and fraud. Better far for us to secure our happiness by the study of the great immutable laws which God has made, which do and must govern us, in spite of all man's inventions, without change or variation. Now one Divine law which the whole history of our race teaches us, is, that man needs excitement, and he will have it of one kind or another. The highest kind of excitement we all know is that which comes from the exercise of the intellect and moral sentiments. The more you develope the nobler powers of man's nature, the less he feels the need of mere animal excitement. If you would not have man satisfied to be a mere animal, then cultivate in him what is divine.

The free school system, carried out and perfected, would do more to make men sober and temperate than anything that has yet been proposed. Educate the people, let them have homes, schools, libraries and public lectures, all free for the poor of our land, and the charm of the bottle and the gossip of the bar-room is gone forever. What boy who has been trained to think, whose mind is embued with a love of the arts and sciences, history or literature, would exchange the excitement of his studio surrounded with his books, globes, compass, chemical apparatus, minerals, &c., for the idle bench at a tavern door, with a pine stick and a penknife? You might as well try to tempt him from the helm of yonder yacht on the sparkling waters of that deep blue lake, by the promise of a raft on some shallow, muddy pond. S. F.

Stanton

TWELVETREES' WASHING PAMPHLET.

A copy of this little work containing a receipt for washing was sent us some months since for trial and notice. As we were not housekeeping at the time and consequently had not the superintendence of our washing, we could not speak of its merits from any knowledge of our own. But for the past three or four weeks, since we have settled in our new home, we have done our washing according to the directions contained in the pamphlet, and confess ourself highly delighted with it. By this process no rubbing or pounding is required and much time as well as labor is thereby saved—at least we have had no occasion for either. We should think perhaps where clothes were *very dirty*, like the collars and wristbands of shirts, a little rubbing with the hands might be necessary, but the dirt is so loosened by the process that it will yield very easily. We heartily wish that every housekeeper had a copy of this valuable work, and especially those poor women who are compelled to slave themselves over the wash tub to earn the subsistence of a dependent family, and furnish their lazy drunken husbands with the means of procuring their hated draughts. But it is not for us to make known this new method, however much we may desire it. We understand that Mr. Twelvetrees, the inventor, is a poor man, in poor health, with a large family dependent on him for support. He therefore requests that those who obtain the receipt should not give it to others, but induce them to apply to him for it. The price asked is one dollar; his address, Harper Twelvetrees, 80 Nassau street, New York. We can assure our readers that the work is well worth the price asked for it, and would advise them all to send on their dollars and obtain a copy.

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.

The Electric Medical and Surgical Journal thus speaks of the women who have devoted themselves to the study of the healing art:

Who can have the hardihood to deny to woman less than an equal right in this, to her, most important respect? In regard to the capacity and application of females to acquire and push their investigations into the most difficult, and apparently unattractive branches of medical science, we are happy to have the power of adding our testimony, decidedly in their favor. Could any hard hearted skeptic visit Central Medical College, and witness the thorough and faithful devotion of our lady students to actual dissections, and listen to their correct and ready answers, not only on this but on all the collateral branches of medical science, fully *equal* to our *ablest* male students, their doubts would soon clear away, like fog before the brilliant sun and gentle breeze of morning. We repeat—our female students have proved themselves *equal* to any of the opposite sex, thorough investigators of medical science; and we earnestly solicit a large addition to the female department of our College.

Peace is the evening star of the soul.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

From the Friend of Youth.

LITTLE PINK.

BY WILLIAM GLAND BOURNE.

On a swinging little shelf
Were some pretty little books,
And I reckoned, from their looks,
That the darling little elf,
Whose they were,
Was the careful, tidy girl.
With her auburn hair a-curl.

In a little chest of drawers
Everything was nice and prim,
And was always kept so trim,
That her childish little stores,
Books or toys,
In good order could be found,
Never careless thrown around.

And she laid her bonnet by,
When she hastened home from school;
For it was her constant rule—
And she was resolved to try,
School or home,
How to prove the saying true—
"Order in all things you do."

When she put away her shawl,
Nicely laying by her book,
She had only once to look
In its place, to find her doll;
Snugly there,
She could shut her smiling eyes,
Sure to find her pretty prize.

See her books! how clean they are!
Corners not turned down, I know!
There's a marker made to show
In her lessons just how far!
Dog-eared books
Are a certain sign to me
That the girl must careless be!

She's as tidy as a pink!
Clean and neat, and gentle too!
If you take her actions through,
Just the same I know you'll think!
School or home—
Tasks or play—
Books or toys—
Every way—
ORDER keeps this loving girl,
With her auburn hair a-curl.

TIT FOR TAT.

A great lubberly boy had got a small "puplet," apparently but a few months old, of which he was trying to make a "water dog," although the poor beast had no more of the water species in him than a cat. The boy first threw a chip in, and then ordered the dog "to go and fetch it." The little fellow looked up in the boy's face, and wagged his tail. The order was repeated; when the dog still hesitating, the lubber seized him by the tail and threw him into the middle of the pond.—

The little animal scrambled to the shore again as well as he was able, where, moaning and shivering with the cold, he crawled up to his master and endeavored to lick his feet. Kicks and buffets, despite our remonstrance, repaid him for this demonstration of love; and then followed another order "to go and fetch it." The dog now tried to crawl away, when the boy seized him by the neck, and stood ready to give him another plunge. As he held him for an instant, the poor creature turned his head, as well as he was able, and gazing in his master's face, said so piteously, by his looks, "O don't do so again?" that nothing but an extra share of inhumanity could have prompted the boy to repeat the outrage.

The dumb appeal was disregarded. He was again thrown into the dock, and was most probably injured by the fall, for he floundered about in a circle for three or four minutes, as if bewildered, and afterward sunk several times before reaching the shore. When he got to land again, he staggered a few paces, and then fell exhausted on the pavement. The boy ran towards him, his face flushed with passion, and was about to inflict further chastisement on his victim, when a burly, good-natured, sailor-looking man, who had been quietly watching the affair, checked him.

"My lad, look here!" said he, pulling a large orange from his pocket, and holding it temptingly towards him. The boy paused, and looked wistfully at the fruit. His eye glistened as he put out his hand to clutch the proffered gift, when the sailor withdrew it, and tossed it into the middle of the dock. "Now, you young rascal!"—said he, turning to the boy, "*Now, sir, go and fetch it!*" The fellow shook his head, and began to step back. "Go and fetch it, I say," repeated the sailor, in a sterner voice, and advancing a step or two. The young rogue now turned on his heel, and was attempting to run, when Jack seized him by the seat of his trowsers and threw him plump into the middle of the dock, with as much ease, apparently, as he had done the orange. Our first impulse was to interfere in the matter; but, on a second thought, we came to the conclusion that as justice had already been done in the premises, things might as well remain as they were. [Knickerbocker.

THE VISION.

A man stood in the street on New Year's morning. The cold was intense, the river was frozen, and large icicles suspended from the house. The man was wretchedly clad. His rags fluttered in the wind that blew keenly from the north. The blood languidly circulated through the veins of his pinched limbs. He was a picture of misery and want.

Guess his age. "Three score and ten."

You are wrong; that man, so haggard and decrepid that his body bends with the apparent infirmities of age, has seen but forty-three years of natural life.

A vision of his youth passes before him. He is once more a boy. Yes, that is the old home—the old garden—the seat in the orchard—there are his sisters at play. The old home! His parents are beneath that roof. He is happy, very happy. He has just won a splendid prize at school—a pair of twelve inch globes. His father strokes his head, and says with pride that he will pursue a bright and honorable career through life. The old home!—the old home! He raises his withered hands to hide the tears that stream from his eyes, but they burst his fingers and freeze as they fall upon the pavement.

No one heeds him, no one pities.

He sees—in vision still, or rather retrospect—the mercantile house in which he begun the career which his father told him would lead him to fame and fortune. He sees the desk at which he sat, he looks in the faces of his fellow-clerks. He remembers the old hopes, the bright prospects—all the old thoughts and affections come crowding back—his legs sink under him. But for the grasp of that passenger he would have fallen to the earth.

Yet again. He is a man now, and those are his wife and children. (His friends and former school-fellows are married, and so is he.) He will romp with his youngest child, and when the hour has come for them to be sent to bed, he will read to his wife the latest new book he has obtained from the library. He is prosperous in worldly affairs, happy in domestic circumstances, beloved by his relations, respected by his friends.

Ragged, disgraced, forsaken, hungry, cold; a vagabond and an outcast.

He raises his hand to his head, his brain reels, he fears that he will go mad.

What has caused the change? How did he fall from a position so honorable, so useful, so prosperous?

The old tale—the old vice, drunkeness.—"One glass," a friend told him, "can do no harm," but the first glass led to the second, the second led to the third, and in the course of time he became a confirmed and hardened drunkard. But that is not all. A man is never a drunkard without being also demoralized in other respects. He forfeited the confidence of his friends—he was no longer prosperous. Ruin seized him like an armed man.

Ragged, disgraced, forsaken, hungry, cold, a vagabond, and an outcast. No one heeds him, no one pities him. "O! days of my youth, return again, days of my innocence return." So, in frenzied tones he entreats the Past to restore him the opportunity of redeeming the dreadful errors of his manhood! But the past is irretrievable—the years that are spent are beyond recall.

"O days of youth return again!"

So he continued to exclaim, invoking heaven with earnest, supplicating gesture. "Days of my youth, return—days of my youth, return, that I may act otherwise than I have acted."

And his youth returned, for he had only dreamed upon this New Year's day. He was still a youth. He awoke, and with a shudder fell upon his knees in gratitude that he was yet able to choose the wise path in life.

Reader, who art a youth, do you so likewise determine. Otherwise, the day will come when you will cry in bitter anguish:—"Come again days of my youth," and they will not come again.

LOOK UP.

A little boy went to sea with his father to learn to be a sailor. One day his father said to him,

"Come, my boy, you will never be a sailor if you don't learn to climb; let me see if you can get up the mast."

The boy, who was a nimble little fellow, soon scrambled up; but when he got to the top, and saw at what a height he was, he began to be frightened and called out,

"O, father! I shall fall; I am sure I shall fall; I am sure I shall fall; what am I to do?"

"Look up, look up, my boy," said his father, "if you look down you will be giddy; but if you keep looking up to the flag, at the top of the mast, you will descend safely."

The boy followed his father's advice, and reached the deck with ease. Learn from this little story to look more to Jesus and less to yourselves.

[Christian Treasury.

Charles Avery, a wealthy and philanthropic citizen of Alleghany county, Pennsylvania, is erecting a large edifice, at his own expense, for the purpose of founding a college for the benefit of the colored people.

THE LILY.

A Monthly Periodical, devoted to Temperance and Literature.

Published at Seneca Falls, N. Y., on the first day of each month.

TERMS.

One copy, one year,		0,50
6	" " "	2,00
13	" " "	4,00
18	" " "	5,00

All subscriptions MUST be paid IN ADVANCE.—Communications, and letters, containing money, or otherwise, should be addressed (post paid) to

AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor.
Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Temperance House,

AT SENECA FALLS.

THE undersigned has opened Woodworth's Hotel (formerly the Seneca House) as a Temperance House, for the accommodation of the public. The alterations and repairs which the premises have recently undergone conduce to render it an agreeable stopping-place for the wayfarer, and no effort will be spared to give satisfaction to those who are reasonable in their desires.

A good hostler will always be in attendance.

ISAAC FULLER.

Jan. 1, 1850.